

# LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



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THE OPERA SEASON IN NEW YORK.

MLLE. ZELIE DE LUSSAN, DRAMATIC SOPRANO, NOW SINGING AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.—PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBINSON.—[SEE PAGE 361.]

## CONAN DOYLE'S LATEST AND BEST STORY.

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"THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS," will appear in LESLIE'S WEEKLY for December 13th (our Christmas edition).

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### New Leaders for the South.



OR the first time in its history the Republican party has an opportunity to acquire popular respect and support in the South, and to become as potential in that section as in any part of the Union. It is not necessary to recount the reasons why this has been impossible heretofore. They are known to all who have calmly and impartially studied the political history of the last thirty years—a history, in so far as the South is concerned, that has been discreditable to both the Republican and the Democratic parties, and to the nation. The gratifying fact is that this dark chapter in American history is completed. It needs only to be said that much of what is recorded was the inevitable result of the tremendous passions aroused during four years of civil war, and that those fierce passions have given place to that better spirit of which Abraham Lincoln prophesied in his first inaugural, when he said: "The mystic cords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriotic grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." This call has sounded; the chords of memory have again been touched, and the veterans of the blue and the gray, meeting on the old battle-fields to mark the lines where once they opposed each other in deadly conflict, symbolized that renewed spirit of fraternity and loyalty which binds us together as a nation.

During these years, now happily ended, the country has increased in prosperity as no nation has ever done, and in that increase the South has fully shared. During that period, too, a new generation has come upon the stage, which will soon rule the land. New hopes, new aspirations, new ambitions have inspired the young manhood of the South. Opportunities which their fathers never had are open to them. Immense natural resources whose existence was unknown to their ancestors have been discovered, and the South has begun to develop them. Vast stores of raw materials upon which great diversified industries may be established are known to exist. No section of the Union is more richly endowed. What now is needed is the capital, the skill, and the intelligence to convert these unparalleled gifts of nature to human use, and by so doing to advance the material prosperity of the South, increase its population, and make it a section equal to any other in all the attainments and blessings of Christian civilization.

What the Republican party has done for other sections it can and it will do for the South. Its doctrines and policy are suited to the South's condition and needs. Her people have at last begun to comprehend this fact. What they need is a thorough education in those doctrines and policies, and for this they must have their own instructors and leaders, men whom they know and trust. They have brushed aside many of those whom they once followed. For the majority of the local old-time Republican managers they have no respect. They must have as their guides upright and conscientious men of large experience and real

force of character, instead of mere political hacks and demagogues. The professional politicians of both parties have had their day. Through them both the North and South have sorely suffered. Both are now sending them to the rear, and the South especially is searching for leaders of another and higher sort. Tennessee has already chosen her leader, and by making Henry Clay Evans her Governor has notified the country that with her, "old things have passed away" and all are to become new. The man of her choice is the beau ideal of a Republican leader. His career from childhood to his present high estate has been honorable and patriotic, and affords a striking illustration of what high purposes and supreme integrity, combined with diligence, energy, and enterprise, may accomplish anywhere in the land.

There are other noble men in the South qualified to organize the Republican party and to lead it to victory. They must be sought out, recognized, and placed at the head of affairs in their respective States. The majority of these are of Southern lineage and education, but are thoroughly rooted and grounded in the Republican faith. Place men like these in the front, and the masses will rally round the Republican standard and fight beneath its folds. Then will Abraham Lincoln's prophecy be literally fulfilled.

### Great Britain's Stake in the East.



HE rapid and continuous success of the Japanese conquerors in China calls attention to the vital manner in which these victories affect Great Britain, and very naturally raise the question as to the course she will pursue in order to save from annihilation the practically monopolistic control which, ever since the opium war,

she has enjoyed over Chinese trade. Will she feel called upon, in view of her past attitude and the great interests involved, to protect the so-called Chinese Empire *in extremis*, even though no treaty stipulations require her to do so; or will she stand aloof, abiding as best she may the consequences of her inaction?

For forty years and upward Great Britain has dictated to both China and Japan what duties she should collect on imports, and has held both Powers rigidly down to a five-per-cent. duty on manufactured goods which compete with those of the Chinese and Japanese, which rises to seven, ten, and fifteen per cent. only in the case of liquors, opium, and such hostile and manifestly demoralizing importations as both nations, if left to their own choice, would exclude altogether.

It is not at all surprising, in view of the enforcement on the Chinese of this system of low tariffs against the will of the Chinese government and the interests of the Chinese people, that smothered accusations of perfidy on the part of the British government are heard on the part of the representatives of China, and that the whole Chinese nation stands aghast with astonishment that the Power which has so long been omnipotent when only bulldozing was required, is now so lamb-like when actual warfare is necessary to protect the results of its bulldozing. The only signs of vigor yet shown by Lord Rosebery's Cabinet have been the hurried consultation of six weeks ago, which developed only a disagreement within the Cabinet itself that argues ill for any decisive action, and a weak and impossible circular asking European Powers which have no possible interest in the maintenance of Great Britain's vantage-ground in China to join the English in enforcing an ascendancy by which no other nation profits. That those Powers should have declined to pull the British chestnuts out of the fire was inevitable; the only surprising fact is that they should ever have been asked to do it.

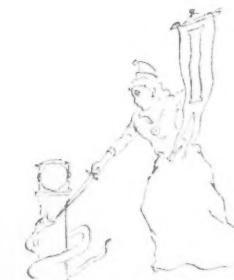
If Japan shall be allowed to crush the Chinese Empire in the present war, nothing is more certain than that British bulldozing in the entire East will be immediately and at once restricted to India, with no clear perpetuity to its tenure even in that country. Whatever mode of government succeeds the present Manchu dynasty in China, whether it be the same Tartar rule curtailed in its extent, or whether there be a partition as in the case of Poland, or a Russo-French-Japanese protectorate, or a restoration of the ancient, purely Chinese dynasty of Ming, or a reorganization of China on the Japanese basis, in either case, if Great Britain does not now defend her practical monopoly in Chinese trade, it will be lost, and the sceptre of the East will pass from her hands. Such a result would have world-wide significance. It would be comparable only to the determination of Honoria in the fifth century not to defend Britain. The hour in which there were no longer Roman legions to guard the frontiers of Rome's great empire was itself the moment of that empire's collapse. Let it be known throughout eastern Asia that British valor has succumbed to Buddhist and Shinto pluck, and that England's troops are on the run, and they would straightway need a bigger army to protect their running than would now be needed to protect their reign.

India has four hundred thousand black troops which are not ordinarily intrusted with muskets except when on drill or parade, or in battle, and then only under white

officers, and when their position is commanded by artillery manned by white English troops. A few daubs of mud appearing on trees send a quiver through forty million English breasts, lest it may indicate that the one hundred and sixty thousand white troops in India are about to be overcome by the four hundred thousand black troops. In that case the twenty-nine millions of Englishmen living in England, Scotland, and Wales would cease to rule, for purposes of trade only, the two hundred and twenty-five millions of blacks who plow, weave, and spin in India.

Can British rule in India stand the shock of British timidity in China? Can two hundred and twenty-five millions of heathen be ruled in India after they have seen the British nation cower before less than a fourth of their number in Japan? The more the situation is surveyed the more clear it becomes that the English nation cannot long remain idle in view of what is now going on in China.

### Election Frauds Must Be Punished.



T seems to be certain that a considerable number of the Democrats who are certified to have been elected to the next Congress from the South owe their certificates to frauds of the most flagrant character. In Virginia, for instance, the frauds were perpetrated on such a wholesale scale as, in the opinion of many persons in that State, to vitiate the whole election. The editor of the Lynchburg *Herald*, in a letter to the Philadelphia *Press*, affirms that in the Sixth District the Republican candidate was elected by a decisive vote, but was openly robbed of his majority of four thousand, as many as one thousand votes cast for him being thrown out in one county alone. Similar reports come from eight other districts in that State, and from seventeen districts in other States, including Kentucky, Alabama, North Carolina, and Missouri. In all of these cases contests will be made before the House. There can be no question as to what action that body should take concerning them. The Committee on Elections should make a thorough and exhaustive investigation in every instance of alleged fraud, and wherever it is so clearly established as to invalidate the title to a seat, it should be promptly vacated. With a Republican majority over all of one hundred and thirty-four, there can be no temptation to decide any case on partisan grounds. Each contest can be, and should be, adjudicated upon its merits. Merely partisan considerations should be altogether eliminated; the one purpose should be to preserve the purity and integrity of the sources of legislation. That the majority are bound to assure by the constitutional obligations they assume. It would be a public scandal, and tend enormously to future debaucheries of the ballot, if the infamous practices which are now so widely complained of should be permitted to pass unchallenged.

It will be remembered that the Democrats in the present Congress laid down the rule, in the case of English vs. Hilborn, that affidavits of voters as to how they cast their ballots should be regarded as superior evidence to the ballots themselves actually produced. If this precedent should be followed by the Republicans the result would be absolutely fatal to the claims of every member of the Virginia delegation with possibly one exception. It is alleged that the local committees in that State took the affidavits of Republican voters on their leaving the polls, and that they will thus be able to show that the actual Republican vote was greatly in excess of the total given in the official returns. We do not know that the Republicans in Congress will care to avail themselves of this Democratic precedent; it may be found wise to return to the established usage in cases of contest; but if the former course should be adopted, and the entire Democratic delegation from Virginia, being shown to be fraudulent, should be excluded from the House, there can be no doubt that an immense impulse would be given to the cause of pure elections—of honest voting and honest counting—there and elsewhere throughout the Union.

### No More Tariff Tinkering.



HERE is some discussion in reference to the course which should be pursued by Republican Congressmen at the coming session, concerning tariff legislation and other questions. It would seem that, so far as the tariff question is concerned, there is hardly room for two opinions as to what Republicans should do. They should resist tenaciously all attempts to reopen the question either by the

passage of the proposed "pop-gun" bills or by the introduction of other measures looking to the correction of Democratic errors. The country has declared in unmistakable terms against the whole policy of tariff tinkering; it demands not only that its industries, so enormously injured

by the unwise legislation of the last session, should be relieved from further menace, but that our business interests should be given an opportunity to adjust themselves to the new conditions. That demand must be respected. The Republican party in Congress is not responsible for these conditions; it cannot, with the Democracy in control of both the House and Senate, hope to change them, but it can prevent, under the Senate rules and by vigilant and concerted action in the House, any additional legislation of a disturbing or injurious character, and this it is bound by every consideration of patriotism to do. It will be time enough when it comes into full control of the legislative power, a year hence, to address itself to the work of readjusting the infamous sugar schedule and restoring the beneficent reciprocity policy which the Democracy have broken down.

### A Woman's View of Boston.



FOR several generations Boston has been gibed at by the envious, has been made fun of by the wits, and criticised in superficial fashion by all who have observed the wide range of the interests which have found hospitable welcome in this modern Athens. Boston has unquestionably enjoyed this, as Boston takes herself quite seriously, and, what is more to the purpose, has very good reasons for doing so. If a Bostonian be caught away from home, or even at home for that matter, he will criticise his town and the people of it with a freedom rather calculated to astonish an outsider who has cherished the belief that all Bostonians were strong in the faith that their town was the central hub around which the rest of the universe revolved. But it will not be safe for an outsider to take this criticism too seriously, and to coincide in the Bostonian's judgments of himself and his neighbors. At church one hears a man say loudly that he is a miserable sinner; take him seriously outside the sacred edifice and tell him that you agree with him, and he is as likely as not to knock you down. The Bostonian's attitude toward himself and toward the rest of the world is quite similar. And, for that matter, so is the attitude of the men of every other locality toward themselves and the outside world. The difference lies in the fact that beneath the cold exterior of the Boston person is an intensity of purpose unapproached in the rest of creation. This cold exterior saves the Bostonian from wasting his energy in unessential ways; his intensity enables him to accomplish results which to others, differently constituted, would seem impossible. Boston has had some curiosity to know what was happening in other parts of the country, and her sons have gone forth as observers of fashions and customs in far different places, and have returned to critically describe and, from the Boston standpoint, to condemn pretty much everything that was not sanctioned in Beacon Street and approved of in the Back Bay. This probably has as little disturbed the places condemned as the stranger's comments on Boston ordinarily disturb the Bostonians. Each locality is clothed on with a conceit which to itself makes itself invulnerable. Therefore, whether Boston touches us up or we touch Boston up does not seem much to matter to any one in the world save the individual critics.

But when a thoroughly competent observer, with open eyes and a receptive intelligence, makes a study of a place into which he has come from without, and to which he was a stranger until he became an actual resident of it, and if that observer have the gift of recording those impressions with wit and with fairness, we are apt to get something that is worth having. And this is what has recently been given to us by Boston's commentator, Miss Frances Albert Doughty, a Southern lady who has won a high place in the world of letters. Had Miss Doughty merely been a well-bred Southern lady she would never have had the facilities for the study of the Bostonians that were freely accorded to her as a personality. She had done some thing; she had won distinction in the sacred pages of the *Atlantic*, Boston's choicest publication, and therefore the doors were opened to her, the people were placed on exhibition for her. Miss Doughty does not tell us this in her sprightly article in the *Forum*, but we know it all the same. Now what did she see there? She saw no end of little things which to her Southern eyes seemed strange at first. Some of them did not seem entirely pleasant. The cold exterior, the brusque candor, the absorption of self, and the gracelessness of manner, all repelled the woman who had been accustomed to the spontaneous natures of a people who have never learned to live so hard and so earnestly as those in the New England capital. But what did she find in the end? She found that human nature was about the same in Boston as in the rest of the world—that it was kindly and sympathetic and generous, and that on great occasions it was capable of even a greater demonstration because none of it was thrown away on the mere externals. This is not intended as a summary of Miss Doughty's admirable article, and yet, to an extent, it is so, and it would also be a summary of any fair article about

any of the American communities—north, south, east or west. It is only in externals that they are different or seem different. Within, the great body of the people in this country are the same—kind friends, good neighbors, patriotic citizens, generous enemies. The etiquette is not the same in Boston that it is in New Orleans, nor yet the same in Savannah and San Francisco, but the people from those far-distant cities can meet and mingle in absolute harmony without the chance that the differences in social customs will make any trouble any more than that the slight differences in their accent in speaking will give offense.

The wall that shuts Boston in is an imaginary wall, and the barriers that separate the sections are only artificial, and we are glad that this Southern woman has spoken from her new home in Boston to the people of the section whence she came, and to the rest of the world, telling of the warm heart which beats in unison with the heart of humanity, and which the austere cloak of inherited Puritanism is not sufficient to hush, though it may sometimes conceal.

### Americans Abroad.

"SMYRNA, October 23d, 1894.

"TO THE EDITOR OF LESLIE'S WEEKLY:—I notice the article in your valuable paper of September 27th last, concerning the arrest by the Turkish authorities of the professors in American schools at Aintab and Marash.

"Allow me to thank you for having drawn the attention of the American government to the abuses committed in Turkey on citizens of the United States. Your article breathes the true American spirit, and maintains the American principle that due protection is to be afforded to our fellow-citizens throughout the world.

"For many years American citizens have been enjoying in Turkey the highest esteem, and their interests were duly protected, but just now this is not the case. Somebody is to be blamed for this, or perhaps nobody is to be blamed.

"But anyhow it is high time to demand a remedy for this situation. Turkey must be taught to understand that America is a real nation; that her citizens must be honored and respected everywhere. No Power whatever can be allowed to molest American citizens with impunity. I AM A REGULAR READER."

The Spanish government has recently paid into the treasury of the American Board of Commissioners the sum of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, being indemnity for an outrage perpetrated against American missionaries in the Micronesian islands in 1888. The outrage was peculiarly atrocious, the mission being destroyed and the missionary and his assistants compelled to flee. Subsequently the missionary died from the effects of the attack, and one of his lady assistants became insane. It has taken a good while for the Spanish government to make amends for the outrage, but it has seen its duty at last, and the experience will probably prove salutary. The Turkish government should be brought to recognize, by like action, its responsibility for the repeated outrages perpetrated on American citizens within its dominions. It will be difficult, of course, to bring it to terms; it will resort to every possible evasion, and being essentially barbaric and brutal, as proved afresh by the recent wholesale butcheries in Armenia, it cannot be reached by appeals which would influence a humane and civilized Power; but there are arguments which, as experience has shown, even this most odious of governments is compelled to respect, and these should be vigorously and unhesitatingly applied whenever occasion shall demand.

## WHAT'S GOING ON

THERE is a possibility that the Tillman method of dealing with the liquor traffic may be introduced into Georgia. A bill now before the Legislature makes it a felony for any citizen to engage in the sale of liquor, and provides for the establishment of a dispensary in every county, under supervision of a State official, who shall keep a record of all liquors sold, and have general oversight of the entire business. All liquors are to be tested before being offered for sale, and the inspectors are invested with authority to make domiciliary visits and destroy all contraband goods. There is a strong prohibition sentiment in Georgia, and the measure referred to appears to have the very general support of the temperance party, who regard the restriction of the traffic under State control as the next best thing to its absolute prohibition.

IT is gratifying to observe that the Governor of Alabama, in his annual message to the Legislature, urges the necessity of legislation for the suppression of the lawlessness which has, in some recent instances, brought reproach upon the State. In view of the difficulty heretofore experienced in securing the apprehension and conviction of persons engaged in lynching, he recommends that a law be passed giving the family of any individual who is rescued from the custody of any officer and killed, the right of civil action for damages against the county to which the custodian belongs, and also that the executive be authorized to suspend any official who fails to resist an attempt to seize and carry off his prisoner. These are undoubtedly suggestions in the right direction, and their embodiment in statutory form would unquestionably have a wholesome influence, but something more is obviously needed to effect an absolute reform of existing conditions. No legislation will be really effective that is not backed by a sound and

vigorous public opinion—a public sentiment in sympathy with the law, and strong enough to compel its enforcement under any and all circumstances.

THE power of a righteous public sentiment, stimulated by a fearless and conscientious press, was nowhere more signally illustrated, in the recent election, than in Rensselaer County, in this State, of which Troy is the metropolis. That city has been held hitherto in the clutch of a partisan despotism utterly remorseless and unscrupulous. The rights of the people, the integrity of the ballot, human life itself, have counted as nothing in its sight. Gorged with success, the chiefs of this villainous autocracy had come at last to believe that they were invincible; they even imagined that murder committed in their name would not endanger their supremacy. How egregiously they were mistaken is shown by the result of the recent election. Last year Rensselaer County gave a Democratic majority of nearly six thousand; this year the Republicans carried it by twenty-seven hundred;—in other words, "the machine" was literally annihilated. Among the agencies which contributed to this magnificent result, the Troy *Daily Times* deserves special mention. All through the agitation which followed the murder of young Ross, up to the close of the late campaign, that paper kept up a steady fire all along the entrenched Democratic lines. It published, for a time, daily political cartoons which exerted a powerful influence in deepening the popular hostility to the "machine" and its methods. American journalism has given many illustrations, in recent days, of its fidelity to the interests of the people and the principles of sound government, but none have been more honorable or effective than that afforded by our Troy contemporary.



JOHN DONOVAN.

THE solitary Michigan Democrat, Donovan, by name, who finds himself, after the recent flood, stranded in the State Legislature, is likely to become a very conspicuous figure in the political history of that State. While he will count for little when it comes to voting, he will in another respect be an actual factor in legislation. It is the rule in all legislative bodies that the minority party shall be represented on all committees. We do not know how many committees are provided for in the Legislature of Michigan, but there are undoubtedly enough of them to keep Donovan very busy if he should be appointed, as he ought to be, on all of them. We observe that the Detroit *Free Press* suggests that he should be allowed to choose the committees on which he desires to serve, but that obviously would be altogether improper—at once unjust to the great Democratic constituency of the State and a limitation of his functions as a legislator which the majority has no right to impose. The Republican party of the great State of Michigan will not, we are sure, so far outrage justice and so widely depart from established precedent as to deprive Hon. John Donovan, the lone Democratic Representative in the Legislature, of his undoubtedly right to serve on every committee, regular and special!

THE Democratic Congressman-elect from the Tenth Georgia District, Hon. James C. C. Black, announces that he intends to resign his seat in the next Congress and ask for another election. He is moved to this course by the fact that gross frauds are alleged to have been practiced in his interest in the recent contest, and by the further consideration that in this way he can probably contribute to the removal of the bitterness and enmities which have divided the district into two hostile camps. It will be remembered that the Tenth District is the hot-bed of Populism in Georgia, being the home of "Tom" Watson, who is the idol of that party and the Farmers' Alliance. Two years ago Watson contested the seat of Mr. Black, then as now his competitor, charging that he had been counted out, but the House turned a deaf ear to his complaint, and this aggravated the resentment of his followers, who went into the recent campaign with a desperation amounting to frenzy. The contest ended in Black's re-election, but the vote in some counties was undeniably fraudulent; there was open and glaring repeating; affrays were numerous, and the result was so clouded by irregularities and acts of violence that the popular excitement has been deepened rather than allayed. Mr. Black does not appear to have been responsible for any of the acts charged against his followers, and he shows the sincerity of his regret for the existing condition of affairs, "when the tranquillity of communities is disturbed, when neighborly feeling has vanished, when the holy peace of churches is marred, and when families in some parts of the country cannot lie down at night with a sense of security and without fear," by declaring his purpose to refer the whole matter back to the people, to determine by a new election who shall represent them in the next Congress. There can be no question as to the wisdom of this action, and it would seem that it ought to have a tranquilizing influence throughout the district.



MRS. DONALD MCLEAN, RECORDING SECRETARY.



MRS. MARY WRIGHT WOOTTON, REGISTRAR.



MISS FRANCES T. B. PRYOR



MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR, FIRST REGENT.



MRS. JANVIER LE DUC, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.



MRS. CATHERINE LORILLARD WADSWORTH, PRESENT REGENT.



MISS MARY VAN BUREN VANDERPOEL, TREASURER.

### WOMAN'S WORK IN THE PROMOTION OF THE PATRIOTIC SPIRIT.

THE NEW YORK CITY CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 360.]



*"She almost fell into the chair opposite him, and stared half-foolishly at his face."*

## JOHN ALWYN.

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.



LITTLE red brick house near Godalming, with a porch to its front door and a wooden balcony to the upper windows. Striped sun-blinds and a creeper, a tiled roof and a lightning-conductor. Close to the house, flower-beds, trim and bright with marigolds and sweet-peas; round it, yet standing a little way off like sentinels, straight and tall, dark fir-trees. Against the wooden fence that

sau in the garden, and almost leaning over the front gate, two larches. On the outer side of the fence, clumps of heather and bushes of gorse and broom. Behind the house, a moor that wandered on to meet the Surrey hills, blue in the distance. In front, a white road that came from the station and went past the house; along it on the right folk could be seen approaching from half a mile away. They disappeared into the dip on the left in precisely nine minutes; none had ever done it in less than six.

In the drawing-room of the little house a woman waited; she had waited half her lifetime for the meeting that was to take place this afternoon. She was neither young nor pretty; her hair was grizzled, and her face marked by lines of care and sorrow. Yet time had been tender and left her a charm that half compelled love, though the reserve that was natural to her gently kept any expression of it unspoken.

She walked up and down and lingered and listened with the happy anxiety of a woman who knows that there is only a little time to wait and then a footstep is certain to fall upon her ear. She raised her eyes and looked round the room and was satisfied. It was cool and shady, for the sun-blind over the wide-

open window kept out the glare and stifling heat; the chintz covers were fresh, the flowers sweet-smelling in the Italian pots; there were books and pictures and rustic chairs and cushions everywhere, within and without, was the effect of drowsy stillness that is summer's own.

"My little home, my dear little home," she said to herself; "to think that he will see it at last." A smile came to her lips, though tears were in her voice. She clasped her hands and leaned her foolish head down on the back of her chair and hid her face. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" she whispered; "to think that we shall meet again after all these years. To think that I shall see your face and hear your voice—your dear voice—once more. Perhaps you will find fault with me just as you used," and she laughed softly for joy. "I don't care—I don't care one little atom what you do to me so that it is you who do it—" She started up in dismay, for there entered without any warning a woman, middle-aged also, and in a widow's bonnet. She had the air of having come a journey.

"Oh, Mary!" Miss Roberts exclaimed, half drawing back; "I did not expect you. Why didn't you write? Some one is coming; I am engaged—indeed I am—this afternoon."

The visitor laughed, and showed a dimple in her happy face. Sorrows had evidently been only incidents to her, borne easily and recovered from pleasantly.

"You are very inhospitable," she said. "I have come literally for ten minutes, between the two afternoon trains. I walked from the station and entered by the stable gate. I wouldn't risk a telegram, because I wanted your answer."

"What is it?" Miss Roberts asked, still dismayed and listening the while for the sound of wheels stopping by the porch.

"The Milfords have lost their father and can't go to Switzerland. They were to start to-morrow; had taken circular tickets for a month. They want to give them to us; they come into

heaps of money and can afford it. I agreed to accept them provided you would go too. We have not been together since we were girls—that time when John Alwyn went with us all to Cornwall—"

"Oh, Mary, I can't. John Alwyn is coming this afternoon." The tears were in Miss Roberts's eyes; she put her arms round her friend's neck and trembled with excitement. "He wrote to me," she went on. "He has taken a little place, called Heatherway, five or six miles off. He asked if he might come. After all these years, Mary, we are going to meet once more," she whispered.

Mrs. Norton looked at her bewildered.

"But—but he cannot be anything to you now, Georgie? All that was over long ago."

"He is the whole world," Miss Roberts answered, still in a whisper. "I have lived my life waiting for him. Oh, Mary," she said, and gave a long sigh, "it is something even to say his name aloud."

Mrs. Norton was wonderstruck.

"I never understood why you cared for him so much, nor why you parted."

"He is just my life," Miss Roberts went on, as if she had not heard, and with a smile that was like a flicker of sunshine when the hoar frost first begins, "and he will be till—till they draw down the blinds for me. That is one reason why I live alone. I have felt that some day he would come back, and would not like any one to see his coming. It was my fault that we parted," she added, after a moment's silence. "I had a thousand faults; I wasn't good enough, or pretty enough, or clever enough for him."

She poured out her words—after the silence of long years.

"What nonsense, Georgie! Why, you were the cleverest of us all; you could do anything you liked. Every one said, when

you wrote that article on Normandy, how clever it was; and the illustrations, too—you might have made a career as an artist; and you were so pretty—though I think you are beautiful now, with your tall, thin figure and gray hair."

"I wonder if I really was pretty." Miss Roberts looked longingly toward the glass, as, remembering the part of hostess she rang for tea. "If I had been," she continued as the servant left the room, "he would have come before." There was almost a sob in her voice, the dry sob of hungry love; as if to steady it, she put her hands on Mrs. Norton's and sat down on the low couch beside the window. The sun-blind projected outward at the bottom enough to let in the scent of the heliotrope in the bed beneath it. "Mary," she said, "it is three-and-twenty years since I last set eyes on him, yet my whole life has been lived mentally in his sight. I have striven so hard—everything I have done well has been put before him with a little petition in my heart that said: 'Won't this win you back and prove to you that I was worth better love than you gave me?' but the plea has seemed to go out into space, like Noah's dove, and to come back unheard and unnoticed. He used to find fault with me so much in the old days," she added, ruefully, "he was so fastidious and critical; and yet the first condition of my happiness, its first necessity, was—and is—that he should think well of me. He expected so much of people; nothing satisfied him or was good enough; he had ideals—"

"Nonsense! What did he ever do in the world himself? I have heard nothing of him for years; but we all know that he failed in science and lived a lazy life in town on the money his father left him."

"A contemplative life is often more useful than an active one," Miss Roberts pleaded. "Don't say things against him," and she put out her hand entreatingly. "I do not know why, but I think, somehow, he cares for me still; and, though it could only mean friendship and a now-and-then meeting, it would be compensation for all the years of waiting."

"Cares for you?" Mrs. Norton exclaimed, scornfully; "if he does he would have come to you before this, or he hasn't the courage of a mouse's tail. Well, my dear, the train won't wait for me; I must go. Of course you can decide nothing till you have seen him. Telegraph before seven this evening 'Yes' or 'No,' about Switzerland." She looked down at Miss Roberts's white hands, and up at her face. "Not good enough for you! Georgie, we women are sad fools, and our reward is accordingly." But Miss Roberts only looked back at her with the expression of one who is waiting to see heaven, and feels that it is very near.

Then suddenly there was heard the sound of a light carriage. The friends looked at each other silently. The wheels stopped before the house.

"Go, Mary," Miss Roberts whispered; "I want to see him alone."

Mrs. Norton kissed her, and without a word slipped out of the side door by which she had entered the house before the servant had crossed the little hall to admit the new arrival.

Miss Roberts stood still, her heart beating, her hands trembling. There were heavy footsteps; the door was opened, and she heard the servant say, "Mr. Alwyn!"

She drew a long breath. There was no mistake; the years of silence and parting had come to an end.

There entered a man of middle height, stout and red-faced, clean-shaven and double-chinned, with a fringe of gray hair round his bald head. She almost started. Was this John Alwyn? The man she remembered had been slim and black-haired, with an almost supercilious expression on his dark face and refinement in every line of it. This one looked commonplace and middle-class, almost vulgar; could this be the being round whom she had built up all the romance of her life, this—this John Alwyn? She almost laughed out, it was so absurd; she nearly burst into tears, it was so tragic.

"Oh!" she said, with a little gasp. "It is you—it is John Alwyn!"

"Yes, that's it," he said with a smile, more ready than in the old days. "How do you do? You were surprised to get my letter, weren't you? I don't believe you knew me for a moment. I've altered a good deal, you see; there's more of me than there was, for one thing." He laughed as though he thought it a pleasant joke, and looked at her with good-natured amusement.

"It's long since we met." She almost fell into the chair opposite him, and stared half-foolishly at his face.

"Twenty-three years, must be. Why, you have grown gray too, and you are thin. Have you been ill?"

"I am always thin," she answered, with a little smile, "and gray—of course I am gray. I am growing old."

"Well, so am I," he said, with cheery resignation, and he looked at her critically while she

poured out some tea. "I'm afraid we are both getting on. I was fifty-six last birthday, and time has not only made my hair gray, but taken it off for me, which is worse; and you see it has made me as fat as it has made you thin. But tell me the news. I never came across any of your people, and was too lazy to look them up. Are things in general all right?"

"Oh, yes, thank you; they are all right," she answered, still wondering whether she were awake and in her senses. "But I want to hear about you, John—you don't expect to be called Mr. Alwyn?" she asked, with the little courteous manner that was peculiar to her.

"Mr. Alwyn! I should think not. We are old friends—we were sweethearts once, you know, Georgie."

"Yes," she said, in a low voice.

"Pretty girl you were, too—nice figure and plenty to say; clever girl, too—rather too clever for my taste, if the truth must be told. I thought it a mistake when you took to—well, to overdoing it, you know. I don't care about women who write articles in magazines and draw pictures for publication: I don't mind if they do a few drawings to hang on the walls—that's different."

"Oh, yes—quite different."

"And how is it you have never married? You must be rather lonely living here alone: I wonder you don't get a niece or two to cheer you up. You must have some by this time?"

"Oh, yes, there are nieces, of course. How did you know I lived alone?" she asked, feeling as if all the illusions of her life were being broken into little bits and scattered at her feet. Mr. Alwyn put down his cup and took some cake before he answered. There was an old-fashionedness about him that she had not noticed in other men of his age, and his manner had deteriorated; its refinement had gone with his reserve and his sternness.

"Heard it from the parson. That's how I got your address. I knew you were about here, for I got it some years ago from Jack Lawrence's wife—but I had forgotten it. I've taken a little place six miles off—Heatherway it is called."

"I thought it must be you."

"I dare say you thought, too, that I should come and see you," he said, dropping the crumbs of his cake on to the peacock-blue carpet. "I waited till we were to rights and then drove over. I wanted a talk with you."

"Yes," and she waited. Something told her that there was more to come.

"Well, the fact is, I'm married," he said, firmly, evidently relieved in having got it out. "But I haven't told any one about it; that's one reason why I bought Heatherway: I wanted to come among people who didn't know her."

She—she—well, it's no use beating about the bush—she kept house for me a good many years. She was a widow, husband drowned at sea, and she had to go out and do something for herself; so she came and looked after my crib in town, and we got to like each other. She knew how to make me comfortable, and that's everything to a man at my time of life. We got married on the quiet four or five years ago, and she kept out of the way when any one came who had known her as the housekeeper. But that wasn't the right sort of way to treat your wife."

"No," said Miss Roberts, faintly, and gathered up her cashmere skirt, for the train had spread itself out as if to give effect to her graceful figure.

"So I thought," he continued, "that I'd take a little place in the country and set up properly with her; she's a fine-looking woman, knows how to dress herself, and ought to go down very well in the country. I've brought her portrait to show you." He dug into the breast-pocket of his dark tweed coat and pulled out a cabinet-size photograph, then felt for his pocket-handkerchief and wiped his forehead and the back of his neck. "Tea is not very cooling on a day like this," he said, apologetically. But she was looking at the photograph of her old love's wife, and did not hear him. It represented a well-developed woman, of two- or three-and-forty, with a quantity of hair, and a fringe, thick and dark, that fell low on her forehead. She wore a black satin dress, trimmed with something that had come out in white stripes; there were rings in her ears, and at her throat a brooch too large for the present fashion. She looked like a solid, slow-of-movement, good-tempered woman, with keen, business-like eyes and an air of easy enjoyment.

"She's considered rather handsome," he said.

"That is why you fell in love with her." Miss Roberts looked up and tried to satisfy him with her manner.

"Fell in love?" he repeated. "Well, not quite so far as that. I don't believe in it, you know; never did, or years ago I should have fallen in love with you, Georgie, for you were a pretty girl enough, that's certain; but I'll own that I'm fond of her. She's a nice, sensible woman, has plenty to say, and an excellent manager. Well, now, I want you to come and see

us and do what you can with the neighborhood. She has rather a fancy to know people, so I said to her: 'Unless I'm much mistaken, there's an old sweetheart of mine a few miles off, a younger daughter of my friend, Sir William Roberts; I always liked her, and I feel sure she will gladly do what she can for the sake of old times.' So now, when will you come, Georgie?"

"I will come soon," she answered.

"I knew you would," he said, triumphantly.

"But," she went on, "I fear it can't be till I come back from Switzerland. I start to-morrow," she added, hurriedly.

"That's a pity," he looked dismayed, "for we have just got straight, and the garden looks nice, and she thought it would be a good idea to give a garden-party while the summer held out, and we thought that folks would like to come. People usually enjoy a garden-party—at least, I always did."

"Yes, but you must wait till you have been called upon and returned visits before you can invite people," she said, gently. She was beginning to be sorry for him. His life and his satisfaction in it were so amazing to her; not because his world did not include herself, but because she remembered the old fastidiousness that had once prevented everything from seeming good enough. He seemed to have stamped with his heavy, good-natured feet on all the conditions that had once been necessary to his existence.

"How long will you be away?"

"A month, perhaps."

"And you will let us know when you are back?" he said, holding out his hand. "You'll do what you can for her, I know, for the sake of old times."

"Yes, I will do what I can."

"That's all right, then," he said, with an air of having finished his business. "I told her you would manage it. There's some good in being a clever woman, after all, Georgie, though when I saw that article of yours—about Normandy, was it?—I said to myself, 'This is a pity; she'd much better leave this sort of thing to the young women at Girton.' Well, I must be going. She'll be anxious to hear the news, and we dine at seven—she's particular, keeps me in order," he laughed, "and doesn't like to be kept waiting." He got up and looked round the room. "Nice little place—dare say you are very comfortable? Well, good-bye."

"Good-bye," she said, taking a long look at him, as if she were trying to see, far back behind the years, the face she remembered. "Good-bye, but I will come and see you off," and she followed him to the front door.

A chaise stood by the porch, a boy was holding the pony's head. Miss Roberts reproached herself for not having sent it round to the stable after its journey, but there was no time for apologies. Mr. Alwyn settled himself into his seat with difficulty. "The boy drives," he said; "I never understand these country ponies myself; this little beggar shied twice as we came along. Well, good-bye, Georgie; glad to have seen you, and you'll come as soon as you are back, eh?"

"Yes; when I am back. Good-bye."

She waved her hand and stood watching till the pony disappeared in the dip, then slowly turned away, went back to the empty drawing-room, and shut the door.

### Daughters of the American Revolution.

One of the most notable illustrations of the deepening patriotic impulses of our time is afforded in the organization of the society known as the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This society was formed October 11th, 1890, and from the first has commanded the interest and sympathy of female descendants of Revolutionary ancestors. The New York City chapter was the first local organization formed under the national charter. This organization was effected on April 19th, 1891, a preliminary meeting having been held on Washington's Birthday just preceding, in which many of the most prominent women of the city participated. The membership at the time of organization consisted of thirty-seven persons, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor being regent. There are now some three hundred names on the roll, and the list is continually increasing.

In accordance with the spirit and principles of the parent society, the chapter's objects are broadly patriotic, its endeavor being "to perpetuate the spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence, by the acquisition and protection of historical spots and the erection of monuments; by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution; preservation of colonial and Revolutionary documents, relics, and records; the promotion of institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge," and, finally, "to cherish, maintain, and extend the institutions of American freedom, to foster true patriotism and love of

country, and to aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty."

Already in its short career the chapter has done a good deal in the directions named, having contributed largely to the Mary Washington Monument fund and the fund for presenting a statue of Washington to France by the women of America. Its social reunions are delightful in every detail, and there has been from its inception an absence of anything resembling exclusiveness, the doors being thrown open to descendants of the high official and humble soldier alike, wealth counting as nothing in the balance; however the paths may diverge without the chapter's pale, within there is no distinction. The scope of the chapter is continually enlarging, and a project now under consideration is the founding, in Barnard College, of a chair of colonial and Revolutionary history, thus encouraging "historical research in relation to the Revolution," and "promoting" institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge, "as laid down in the society's constitution." This is only one of the first steps in the broad pathway open to this body of women in this great metropolis, and with increasing means and experience, and concerted action, there can not be a doubt that they will achieve important results in the promotion of patriotic objects. This season there will be monthly social reunions, at which papers and talks on American history will be the leading features.

The chapter's choice of officers has always been a most happy one, including such women as its first regent, also Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus, Mrs. John S. Wise, Mrs. Clarence Ashley Postley, all women of strong individuality, and its present efficient board.

Mrs. Pryor was the chapter's first regent as well as one of the foremost organizers of the national society, her name standing second on the roll of chartermembers. She is also a charter member of the National Society of Colonial Dames of America. A Southerner by birth, Mrs. Pryor is a New Yorker by direct inheritance from old Knickerbocker progenitors, who came to the island of Manhattan in early colonial days. She is a descendant of Nathaniel Bacon, "the rebel," who struck the first blow for American freedom. Mrs. Pryor is the wife of Judge Roger A. Pryor, and has long been known as a philanthropist and leader of society, and of late as an author.

The chapter's present regent is Mrs. James P. Kernochan, a descendant of old Griswold stock. The first American ancestor was Edward Griswold, who came from his English home, Mavern Hill, to settle in Connecticut, in the year 1639. His offspring was Governor Matthew Griswold, whose son married the daughter of Colonel Lasher of New York, the personal friend of General Washington, who placed him in charge of the records of New York City. Mrs. Kernochan is the daughter of Katherine Griswold and Peter Lorillard, the latter the scion of an ancient Huguenot family which came from Nantes at the revocation of the edict, and landed at Haverstraw, on the Hudson River. She was born and bred in New York, where, as well as at Newport, she is the dispenser of much gracious hospitality.

Mrs. Emily Ritchie McLean, the chapter's recording secretary, is a young woman of unusual intelligence and executive ability. Wife of Donald McLean, former general appraiser of the port of New York, she is the descendant of General Roger Nelson, of Revolutionary fame, of Bishop Claggett, and the Burgess. At the last Continental Congress of the national society, held in Washington, Mrs. McLean was nominated for leading vice-president of the society, but declined the nomination, preferring to remain with her chapter, for whose welfare she has labored arduously.

Mrs. Janvier Le Duc, the corresponding secretary, comes from a race of patriots, being a great-granddaughter of General James Clinton, a descendant of General Joseph Spencer, and also of the De Witts. Devoted to the study of history, and especially to the annals of her country, she has been the author of many valuable historical papers. Of late years she has devoted herself to good works, and has netted several thousand dollars for various charities by reading for their benefit her historical sketches. Mrs. Le Duc holds the office of corresponding secretary to the New York City chapter.

Miss Mary van Buren Vanderpoel has filled her position as the chapter's treasurer since its inception, and has always been identified with its career. Of a charming personality, Miss Vanderpoel is also the possessor of rare qualities of heart and mind, endearing her to all with whom she is brought in contact. The descendant, on her father's side, of one of New York's oldest Knickerbocker families, through her mother's lineage she comes from Governor Bradford and the famous Thomas Williams, who lent such efficient aid at the original "tea-party" in Boston harbor. Her ante-American genealogy is traced back to Brutus, first king of the Britons.

In Mrs. Mary Wright Wootton, the chapter's registrar, is combined much beauty of face with quiet dignity of bearing. She is the daughter of General Wright, of Civil War fame, and is descended from a group of old colonial families, including the Aldens, Chappmans, Griswolds, Grinnells, Elderkins, and Carters. Mrs. Wootton accomplishes much systematic work, and especially that of a philanthropic nature.

Miss Jane Meade Welch, historian of the chapter, is devoting her energies to historical research and the diffusion of such knowledge by lectures, having already gained a name for herself with the intellectual public. She is a direct descendant of Priscilla and John Alden, and is the owner of some of the qualities of her stanch Puritan progenitors.

The first young lady to enter the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, as well as its New York City chapter, was Miss Fanny Pryor, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Miss Pryor might vie with some of her English cousins in length of ancestral line, for her genealogy stretches back through twenty-three generations to the old Saxon kings. Possessed of many personal attractions, she is yet simple and unassuming in manner.

With its high aims and principles, and the enrollment of such eminent members upon its list, the New York City chapter of the Revolutionary association has made a foothold for itself in the past, and gives promise of large usefulness in the future.

CAROLYN HALSTED.

### The City of Shanghai.

An English naval officer once told me, with justifiable pride, that one could start from London, go round the world to London again, visit many lands, and yet set foot on British possessions only. The American eagle gave one incredulous scream, then subsided beneath the overwhelming proofs. Now, if England grabs Shanghai as her slice from the present Eastern imbroglio, John Bull can add another city to his insular itinerary.

The foreign settlement of Shanghai is the largest and handsomest in the East. Even Chinamen have a full appreciation of its merits, and constantly boast that it equals New York and London. In fact, it has not only the most attractive European residences in China, and the greatest number of them, but the Chinese streets and business houses are superior to the Chinese quarter of any other city, as the wealthiest, cleverest merchants congregate there.

There is a French, an English, an American quarter—the region in the vicinity of the respective consulates—but the fashionable avenue, where all nationalities are represented, is the Bubbling Well Road, a broad drive bordered with elegant villas and picturesque bungalows. The bund, also, has fine residences, and they have the advantage of a beautiful harbor view, but most of these are *hangs*, having the business offices on the first floor and the "living-rooms" above. This is often the case with the large tea firms and banking-houses; therefore some of the richest and most exclusive Eastern families "live over the store."

Shanghai streets have a brilliancy of turn-outs unequalled for variety. Chinamen are particularly fond of the barouche form of carriage, lined with brocades of the most vivid colors—metallic blues, intense yellow greens, and brutally magenta pinks. As if this play of color was not sufficiently splendid, in frequent cases the rear of the carriage has bright flowers painted on the black polished background. The occupants of these remarkable equipages add to the dazzlement with the rich silks and furs of the men, the gay, embroidered satins and jeweled head-coverings of the women. The broughams of opulent foreigners and of a few very advanced Chinamen are quietly dark and elegantly appointed, although the native coachmen and footmen, in bright, bagging liveries, bring them into an unusual conspicuousness.

Just off the bund, within a stone's throw of the luxurious Shanghai Club, is the old, walled city of Shanghai. The wall is crumbling—it is a contemporary of the Great Wall—but it still serves as a barrier to the hated foreigner, and its gates still swing together every nightfall against the headway of civilization. We were warned by friends in the settlement not to enter there, not merely on account of the filth and disease which run rampant, but because some Americans, who had recently visited that reeking hive with the most innocent sight-seeing intentions, had unwittingly given offense, and were hustled out of the gates with an utter absence of ceremony. Moreover, a number of the irate inhabitants had threatened to toss these harmless though terrified tourists from the *parapet* to the pavements below.

Nevertheless, the temples, tea-houses, and theatres lured us on, and, to our pleased surprise, we were most kindly treated by the street crowds, several ragged, desperate-looking

men obligingly constituting themselves our guides. As in any large Chinese city, traffic crowded the swarming streets, but of all the walled Asiatic towns that we had explored—and they were not few—we had never before seen such hideousness of filth and disease. There were lepers at the city gates, their horrid, decaying legs and arms conspicuously thrust forth, to attract pitying, remunerative attention; small-pox patients in the streets; sick children lying neglected beside the gutters; widows weeping, wailing, and flinging themselves down in the thoroughfares. It was a limbo that must be passed, however, in order to reach the famous "willow-pattern" tea-house, the pretty gold-fish market, and the celebrated temples—very dirty temples indeed, but marvelous in age and architecture.

The "willow-pattern" tea-house is the original of the design on the old English porcelain so well known by that name. We recognized at the first glimpse the labyrinth of bridges so familiar to us on the blue plates and teapots of enthusiastic collectors—bridges arched, bridges meandering, as well as bridges spanning streams and paths in a perfectly fair and square manner.

We had endured repulsive sights for the sake

of viewing this noted tea-house, and it rewarded us; yet we were glad to leave it and get beyond the Mediaeval wall, out into the clean, spacious highways of the foreign concession. The two Shanghais are a mere step apart in distance, but in other respects centuries lie between them.

ALETHE LOWBER CRAIG.

### Le Calme.

I.

AFTER long time of dread shrieking of winds and of merciless tempest, When the sea thunders its blackness up, up till a sullen cloud plunges Bright, quiv'ring shafts in its bosom—then, after the night has gone over, Comes sweet mouthed morn, gentle-miened, all rosee, dreamy and peaceful; Spotless of sky, save a lark's silhouette that to sunward is winging. Silent of voice, save the song of the lark in faint snatches, and murmur. Musical murmur of ripples that hasten them shoreward in gladness. How near is God when the storm's rage is spent and the sea has grown tranquil!

II.

How like is life to the tempest, how like to the blind, blighting tempest While its young barque tosses over the black sea of treacherous passion, Seaming the innocent face with the horrible scars of indulgence, Dulling the eye, the mouth's kindest lines turning cynical, bitter. How we chafe, seirs of unrest, 'neath the galsome strong fetters that bind us Till through the clouds shines the light of bright eyes that entreat and encourage. Ah! the dear feeling of peace, with the old paths forever forsaken, Follows bestowal of God's choicest blessing—a pure love requited

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

### A Russian Church in America.

THE dedication of the new Russian (or Greek) church at Streator, Illinois, by Bishop Nicolai, with all the stately ritual of the Oriental rite, is an event, in the opinion of some churchmen in this country, of more than passing importance.

It should be understood that the orthodox Apostolic Catholic Church, commonly called the "Greek" or "Russian" church, forms that great portion of the Christian (Catholic) church which adheres only to the doctrinal decrees of the first seven ecumenical councils, while it rejects the authority of all succeeding councils recognized by the Roman church as ecumenical. Popes and patriarchs in the Middle Ages hurled at each other the thunders of excommunication, and two little words, *filiusque* ("and the Son" in reference to the Holy Ghost), added to the Roman creed, created a schism that separated as wide as the world itself the mother church of Christianity, holding in its communion the Christians of half of Europe and of Africa and Asia as well, from the church of Rome and western Europe. The political separation of the empires and the conquest of Constantinople by the Crusaders in the thirteenth century widened the breach more than the quarrels of the theologians, although the popes sought to win by diplomacy what the sword and the councils had surrendered. A United Greek church (*Uniate*) was organized in Poland, southern Russia, and Greece, which, while recognizing the spiritual headship of the pope, was permitted to abide by all the peculiar usages of the Greek Church which did not affect the fundamental doctrine of the Latin. Catherine II, and Nicholas found effectual means to "reconcile" the schisms of the southern provinces, and after Poland was dismembered and wholesale massacres and transportation secured "order in Warsaw," the million and a half of Uniate of the Russianized country gave

their submission to the Holy Synod of St. Petersburg. Only in the province of Galicia, which fell to Austria, and in the Balkan States did the Uniate remain. In the emigration movement of the past few years many thousands of these people from the southern provinces of Russia and from Galicia, as well as the persecuted Armenians who seek a refuge from Turkish atrocities, have made their way to this country, where they may set up their altars undisturbed.

Two other movements in the ecclesiastical world are worthy the attention of those who would understand the drift of thought and action since the Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893 (that greatest of all ecumenical councils) in the most ancient of Christian churches. The Greek Church has manifested a profound sympathy with the Old Catholic movement from its inception in 1870, and prominent ecclesiastics of that church have attended the congresses of the latter in Germany, and expressed a hope that the movement might lead toward union. The high-church party of the Anglican (Episcopal) Church has also recognized the Greek Church as an orthodox branch—or, rather, the parent stem—of the Catholic Church, and sustains its contention regarding *filiusque*.

These facts will help to explain why Bishop Nicolai is now making a missionary tour of the United States, establishing churches where the thousands of Greeks, Bulgarians, Galicians, and Russians, either of the Greek Church or the Uniate, may be gathered in and preserved from the fold of Rome, and where the "American Catholic," or high-church party, may recognize, it is fondly hoped, the pure liturgy of the uncorrupted mother church. Indeed, the Bishop of Alaska is the recipient of letters from both Old Catholics and Anglicans in this country, expressive of an earnest desire for a closer union. It is well to remember, however, that the attitude of the Greek Church, as pointed out by so friendly a critic as Cardinal Newman (while still an Anglican), is ever unyielding and uncompromising. She, and she only, is right, and right in all. Therefore the new movement is regarded by high churchmen in America simply as an object-lesson, though as such of the greatest importance, of a Catholic, but not Roman, liturgy of great purity, richness and dignity, even such as that at which they aim. That it will be an autocephalous American church is not likely for many years to come, but its influence upon American Catholics after its communicants shall have themselves become Americanized in birth and language, will be one of the religious problems of the future.

The church at Streator, which is ninety-five miles from Chicago, on the Chicago and Alton railroad, where the neighboring coal mines employ several hundred Poles and Galicians, is constructed of fragrant tchen wood and pine, it being, in fact, the beautiful Russian pavilion of the Manufacturers building of the World's Fair, presented to the church by the imperial Russian commission. Father Ambrose, the priest, is also pastor of the Greek Church in Chicago, which as yet has no edifice of its own, and it is part of Bishop Nicolai's mission to promote the building of one there as well as in New York, where the Greek, Bulgarian, and Syrian Christians number several thousand.

Shortly after Bishop Nicolai's departure from San Francisco news arrived of the death of the Czar Alexander III., and the worthy prelate at once supplemented his original undertaking with the administering of the oath of allegiance to the new Emperor to the latter's subjects in whichever city he chanced to be. One of the illustrations on another page depicts such a scene at the Russian consulate in New York, the participants, in addition to the bishop himself, being Consul-General Olarofsky, Baron Schlippenbach, Councillor Bogdanovitch, Vice-Consul Peterson, and Secretary Popoff. Separate days were set aside for the Lutheran and Jewish subjects of the Czar, and on these occasions the bishop did not officiate. An unusually large number of Jews took the oath to Nicholas II.

JOHN T. BRAMHALL.

Boston Symphony Orchestra and Mr. Thomas in Chicago, it may be said, lead the musical taste of the United States. These are grand opera, under the direction of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, at the Metropolitan Opera-House; the Symphony Orchestra, under the able leadership of Mr. Walter Damrosch, with its home in the Carnegie Hall, and the Philharmonic Society, conducted by Herr Anton Seidl.

The first musical sensation this season has been M. Eugene Ysaye, who came to this country under the auspices of Messrs. Johnston & Arthur, and who appeared with the Philharmonic Society's orchestra on the 16th ult., without doubt scoring one of the greatest popular and artistic successes that has been seen here in two decades. Monsieur Ysaye belongs to what is known as the Belgian school of violinists. He was the favorite pupil of Vieuxtemps, who in his day was looked upon as only second to Paganini. Ysaye was born in Liège, that cradle of violinists, and is still a young man. His appearance is at once dignified and commanding. He is a very tall man, of full figure, with a strong, intellectual face, yet in character is with full of true merriment and cordiality. His style of playing is best described by saying that it is



M. EUGENE YSAYE.

broader than Sarasate's, not so purely classical as Joachim's, nor possessing such abandon as Wieniawski's, but it has immense sauity of expression, and a finish and style that are entirely Ysaye's. He is master of his instrument in every detail. Monsieur Ysaye has played all over Europe, has been decorated by crowned heads, and petted and courted everywhere. At present Monsieur Ysaye resides in Brussels, and is head of the conservatory there. It may be added that he comes of a family of distinguished musicians, so that his genius is one of rightful inheritance. Monsieur Ysaye expects to visit all our principal cities before his return in the spring.

Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau start this year with every prospect of a great operatic season. Strictly speaking, grand opera has never appeared thoroughly indigenous to this soil, and were it not for the well-directed efforts of these managers New York would be without any well-organized endeavor to present grand opera worthy of the name. Most of the old favorites return, including Mmes. Eames, Melba, Scalchi, and Nordica, MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Maugiere, Ancona, Plancon, Gromzeski, and are re-enforced by MM. Francesco Tamagno, Nouveli, Campanari, Bensaude, and M. Victor Maurel, and also Miles. Lucille Hill, Sybil Sanderson, Libia Drog, Mira Heller, Zelie de Lussan, and Eugenia Mantelli. One of the noteworthy points about this list is, that of the artistes of the company, Mmes. Eames and Nordica, Miss Sanderson, Miss Hill, and Miss de Lussan are Americans, and Madame Melba is an Australian, all born to one mother tongue. Almost every other nationality is represented among the other members of the company. The operas are sung in French and Italian, the auxiliary chorus of fifty people, recruited in New York, twenty-five men and twenty-five women, singing in English. The regular chorus of forty, imported from abroad, sing almost wholly in Italian, and thus you have a congress of nations hardly equaled in Barnum's circus.

One sure sign of the approach of the musical season is the advent upon Broadway of the ever-perennial Signor de Vivo. The season opened on the 19th ultimo with "Romeo et Juliette," with a great cast, and will continue for thirteen weeks, with twenty-nine night and thirteen matinée performances, and in addition, Sunday-night concerts. The entire company will also sing in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Boston, and St. Louis.

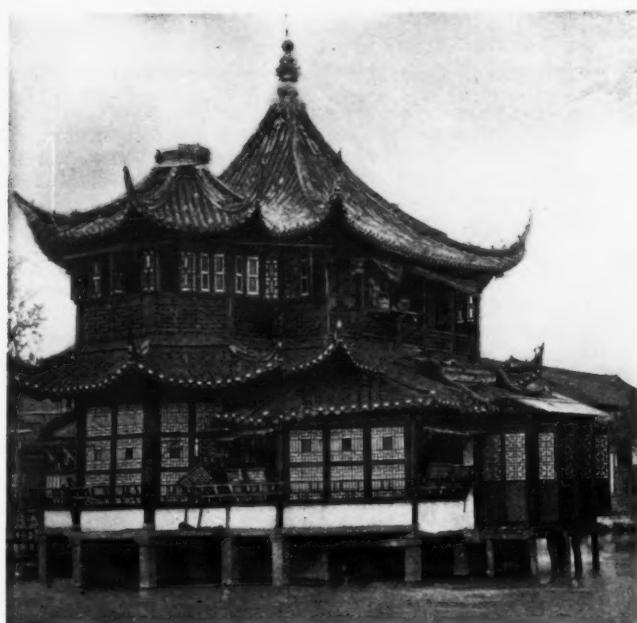
HARRY P. MASON.

### OUR PLAYERS

#### The Musical Season.

MUSIC in New York grows each year in importance as one of its educational amusements. It is not only an important factor in opera-house and concert-hall, but it is also the means of livelihood of a great body of citizens, largely of foreign birth, but the number of native-born musicians increases materially each year. Its field of labor each season broadens out and offers more tempting opportunities for fame and fortune.

There are three great permanent organizations in this city which, in conjunction with the



"WILLOW PATTERN" TEA-HOUSE.



BRIDGES OF "WILLOW PATTERN" TEA-HOUSE.



CHINESE MARKET IN EUROPEAN SHANGHAI.



HOUSE IN OLD SHANGHAI.



TEMPLE GROUNDS IN OLD SHANGHAI.

THE WAR IN THE EAST—THE CITY OF SHANGHAI, THE PRINCIPAL TREATY PORT OF CHINA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 361.]



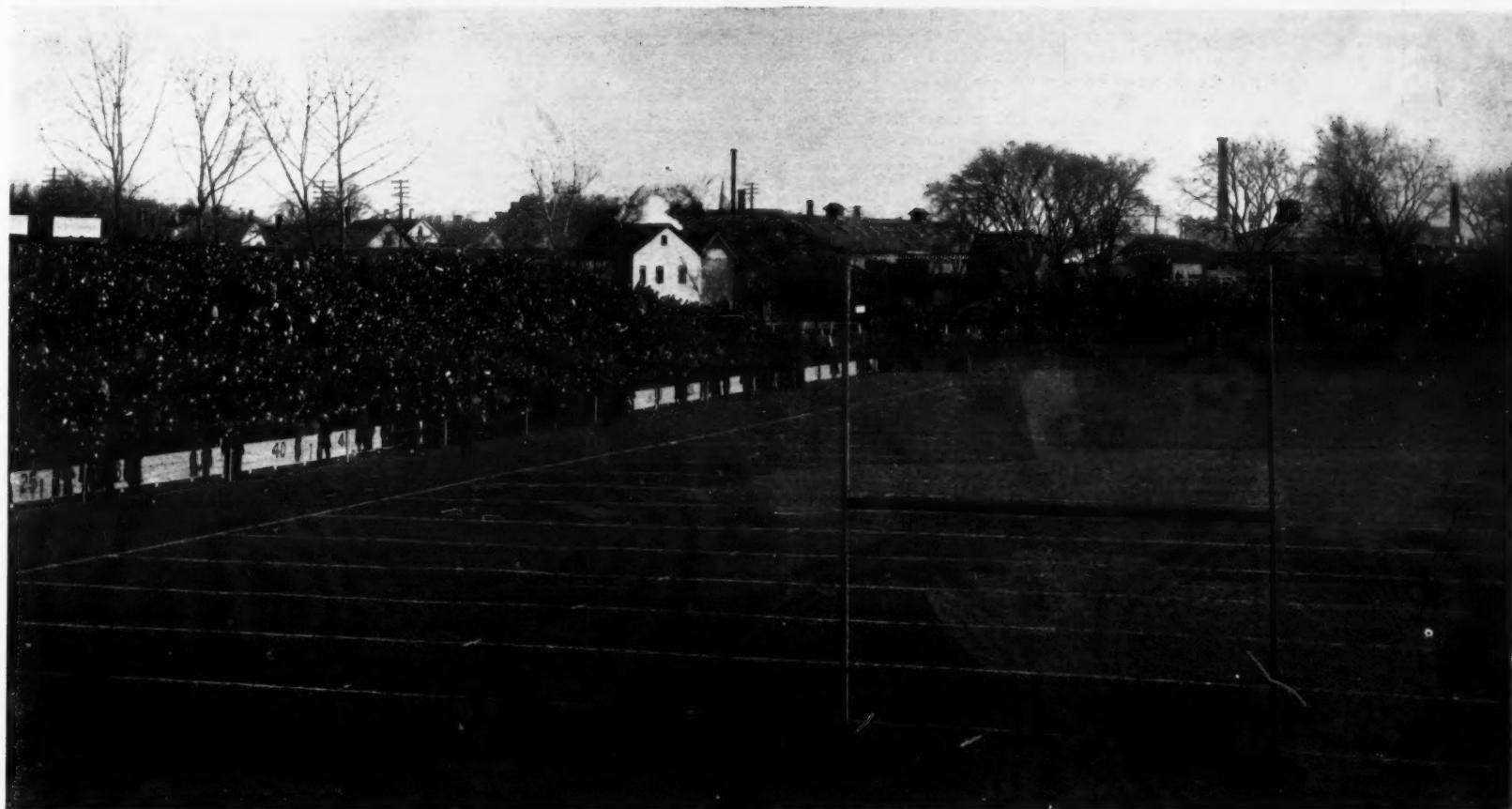
THORNE (YALE) ABOUT TO RECEIVE THE BALL FOR RUN PAST WATERS.



MACKEY AND SHAW (HARVARD) MAKING A HOLE FOR WRIGHTINGTON.



HARVARD ON THE QUI VIVE.



HAMPTON PARK JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL CHAMPIONSHIP, YALE VS. HARVARD—THE GREAT GAME AT SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, NOVEMBER 24TH.  
YALE WINS THE GAME BUT HARVARD GETS THE GLORY.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMEN.—[SEE PAGE 364.]

## OUR CORRESPONDENT IN THE EAST.

## THE SECOND JAPANESE ARMY IN CHINA.

HIROSHIMA, JAPAN, October 16th.—I was received yesterday by his Excellency, the prime minister, Count Ito, one of the most popular and brilliant statesmen of Japan, whom I had the honor of meeting two years ago. In this short interview Count Ito expressed many interesting opinions. I asked him what he thought of the report published in some papers to the effect that the war was ruining Japan.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "It would have been so were we obliged to buy everything in foreign lands, as does China, and to pay tremendously high sums to officers to fight for us. But you know well that is not the case. We have found in the natural resources of Japan, and in its manufactures and industries, all we wanted. Coal, arms, ammunition, provisions, clothes, horses, saddles, harnesses, medicines, transports—we had everything at hand. Of course we are spending millions, but this money stays right in this country and goes to our people, whose conditions it improves, and should the war last longer than expected we could easily get that money back from them. The first war loan of thirty millions was covered three times in a few days. The patriotism of our people is not to be doubted; they will give to their last cent to see the end of this war. Poor and rich are with us. See the way the coolies, servants, and farm-hands bring to the national war-fund their small offerings; it is admirable. Of this I can assure you—we have right here all the money we need or shall need."

"What does your Excellency think of the report circulated by a foreign news agency to the effect that the calling of the reserves had seriously affected both the city and the country—farmers and manufacturers being short of help?"

"Why, this is still more ridiculous. Let us say that the war has taken, in round numbers, one hundred thousand men, one third of which is our standing army. How could this affect so seriously a population of thirty-eight millions of people? Look at France; with about the same population she has a standing regular army six times larger. You have been through the country; does it look as if the splendid harvests of this year are neglected? And as for the factories—well, only look in this city and you will see that in this small place dozens of tin-factories for canned-meat boxes and a hundred other things have been opened. The foreign trade of Japan has not been affected so far."

Just at this point of the conversation an officer announced Count Inanye.

"I am very glad," said the prime minister, "that you happen to be here to meet the count. He is one of our most brilliant men. Up to a few days ago he was a member of the imperial Cabinet—Minister of State for the Interior—but the Emperor has relieved him of his office and appointed him ambassador extraordinary to Corea."

"To Corea? Well, then, what do you do with your Minister-General, Otori?"

"He has been recalled. You see the situation in Corea is most serious and difficult. The work of reforms is not going on as quickly as we wish, and plots of all kinds are continually brewing at the Corean court. So his Majesty has decided to send there one of his most talented ministers of state."

Count Inanye had just entered the room. He speaks English fluently. I asked him if he had any fresh news. "Nothing new for so well-informed a man as you," he answered me, laughing. "Ah, yes. The members of the Imperial Diet (Parliament) have just met—their preparatory meeting for this new session. I can assure you that as far as the war is concerned there is not the slightest opposition. Every action of the government is heartily approved by all. Of course we never doubted it. Opposite the enemy, there are no more parties in Japan; there is one great party—that of the country's flag. I am very glad indeed you have seen our army—on the battle-field, our hospitals and ambulances, the way we treat our prisoners. So few foreigners know about all this, and so many, alas! treat us in a very unjust fashion. We hope you will tell the truth—no compliments—the truth—nothing but the truth. That is all we want."

In a couple of hours the new expedition will sail. It is composed of thirty big transports, taking about thirty thousand men, horses, artillery, etc. We shall proceed to the mouth of the Tatung River, near which are the military headquarters of the army in Corea. There we shall meet the first division of the fleet—about twenty-five war-vessels and some twenty torpedo boats. Escorted by them, we shall proceed, through the Gulf of Pechili, to a point

kept secret, and there land under the protection of the fleet's guns. We take along over three hundred small flat-boats and eight light-draught tugs. I doubt very much whether the landing can take place north of Taku. The water there is extremely shallow, the country very poor, sandy, and often flooded. To the south of Taku, on the other hand, the water is deeper and the country much better. Very near the coast passes the road which runs from Che-Foo to Tien-Tsin, and the telegraph lines. Both could be made use of. I believe that part of the army of sixty thousand men now in Corea—one-half, probably—will follow us.

I have positive information that all that remains of the Chinese fleet, all the men-of-war which were not in the big naval fight, or those which have been repaired, will try and stop us. The Chinese are also making big preparations to defend Tien-Tsin and Peking. That we shall not get there without serious and deadly fighting goes without saying. I do not doubt for a moment, however, that Japan will succeed; but it is more than likely that the arrival of the Japanese army near Peking will be the signal for a terrible revolution, all over China, against the present dynasty. The foreign ministers in Peking are so well aware of it that they have already sent away their families.

This war having been carried on by Japan alone, by Japanese soldiers, armed with Japanese rifles, commanded by Japanese officers, and with Japanese money, it would be only just and fair that Japan be allowed to dictate her own conditions to China; but this is supposing that there is a Chinese government. What if anarchy and revolution prevail, and foreigners are being murdered all over the country?

I am afraid some serious international questions will be raised by the time this letter reaches you.

I am the only foreigner to go with this expedition.

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

## Men and Things.

"THE GREEN CARNATION" is the latest literary hot-house flower to claim the attention of that not always discriminating public, which buys books for their bindings, and praises them according to the dictates of some callow literary news editor. The author, who has discreetly omitted his name from the title-page, pokes fun in a mild way at Oscar Wilde and the other silly so-called decadents, and at nearly every one else who is anybody in London to-day, from Clement Scott to E. F. Benson, and from Aubrey Beardsley to Mrs. Humphry Ward. Incidentally he has given a magnificent advertisement to Bovril, the proprietors of which, in a letter to the *Pall Mall Budget*, disclaim any attempt at original advertising, but say that they thankfully accept all that has been given them. The satire is clever and acceptable, but will pass from remembrance a fortnight hence.

Mr. Henry Labouchere keeps his eyes wide open for all sorts of frauds and shams, and when he discovers them, be they in state, army, or church affairs, there is sure to be interesting reading in his paper, *London Truth*. His latest discovery is rather a pious fraud, and he presents it in the columns of *Truth* with irrefragable evidence. There is a law in England that all imported articles must be marked with the place of their manufacture. The tale depends from that.

In a recent number of *Truth* Mr. Labouchere had a fac-simile title-page of a New Testament "printed at the University Press." On a very narrow margin, in very small letters, at the bottom of the fac-simile page, were these words: "Printed in Germany!" The idea of the University Press authorities being to have the tell-tale "Printed in Germany" clipped off after passage through the custom-house. Rather a clever idea, but hardly to be expected from publishers of New Testaments.

Mr. William Bispham, treasurer of the Players, has a pleasant way of encouraging the prompt payment of club dues. Twice a year each member receives a little card stating the amount of his indebtedness, and to whom and where it is payable. At the top of these cards is always found some apt and stimulating quotation, which generally serves to hasten payment even from the unimaginative. Some of these legends—in fact, all of them—reflect in an amusing way the varying moods of the head of the club's fiscal department. For instance, what could be more gracious than this? "To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt."—*Hamlet*, III., 2; or this: "The Players shall receive from you."—*Hamlet*, II., 2; but in this there is

a slight note of impatience: "Pray you, take note of this."—*Measure for Measure*, V., 1; and in this: "I must trouble you again."—*Henry VI.*, V., 3. The "slight note" becomes full and unmistakable in such as these: "He prays for speedy payment."—*Timon of Athens*, II., 2; "To whom it is instant due."—*Timon of Athens*, II., 2; "Bid the Players make haste."—*Hamlet*, III., 2. But for the most part they are equitable and temperate, such as: "Too little payment for so great a debt."—*Taming of the Shrew*, V., 2; "Yet that were light payment."—*Henry IV. Epilogue*; "Give them their charge, neighbor."—*Much Ado*, III., 2; and in many instances there is a suggestion of self-deprecation evidently begotten of an appreciation of the evil results that are sure to follow from the passage of the Wilson bill. This is a good example: "I am but as a guiltless messenger."—*As You Like It*, IV., 3; and this another: "Be the Players ready?"—*Hamlet*, III., 2; and this: "Consent to pay this sum."—*Comedy of Errors*, IV., 1. The idea is undoubtedly an excellent one and a pleasing, and I would recommend its adoption to all creditors who find importunity and "Please remit" of no avail.

In 1848, nearly fifty years ago, Emerson made a visit to a friend of his at Oxford—a fellow of Oriel College. And among the many traditional anecdotes with which his host regaled him this one struck him as peculiarly representative of the loyal spirit of Oxford men: Sir Thomas Lawrence's famous collection of the cartoons of Raphael and Michelangelo was offered to the university for seven thousand pounds. The offer was accepted, and a committee was appointed to raise the needed funds. They succeeded in getting three thousand pounds, but could get no more, when one of the committee chanced to call on Lord Eldon to ask him for a subscription. He asked him how much the fund lacked the amount required, and on being told, gave his cheque for the entire amount wanting.

In June of this year, when the beautiful club for Harvard men, up in Forty-fourth Street, was thrown open to its members, the president, Edward King, in his little speech of dedication and welcome, told, among other things, of the trials and worries that the building committee had had to go through, the worst of which was a shortage of the estimated amount required to carry out the plans they had adopted. At the darkest hour, he said, an already heavy subscriber to the building fund, learning of their predicament, called on them and gave his cheque for the heavy balance of twenty or thirty thousand dollars. And the result is that the Harvard men of New York will always have a particularly warm place in their hearts for a very well-known New Yorker.

Fifty years ago, or thirty, or even twenty, such a princely gift would have been an impossibility among us. Not for lack of any loyal feeling, but simply because our college alumni have most of them, up to now, had to make their way in the world. But now numerous magnificent libraries, museums, dormitories, and other gifts in the colleges throughout the country bear ample witness to a spirit of generosity and affection toward alma mater that will stand comparison with the devotedness of either old Oxford or Cambridge men.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

## THE AMATEUR AT FIELD

## THE YALE-HARVARD FOOT-BALL GAME.

THE Yale-Harvard foot-ball game at Springfield on November 24th was fully as interesting and as surprising as any of the contests which have made the present season one of the most remarkable since the American game of football was developed. The wearers of the blue won, but it is a question in the minds of many people whether the stronger team came out ahead, and certainly the score, 12 points to 4 in favor of Yale, does not show the relative merits of the two elevens. Several of the Yale coaches were frank enough to say, after the game, that Harvard surpassed Yale in every feature of play except punting, and that the superior kicking of Thorne was the only thing which enabled Captain Hinkey to put another victory to his credit. If C. Brewer and Wrightington had not been disabled early in the game, the losers would have been much better off for kickers, and the result might have been different. Harvard gained much more ground by running with the ball than Yale did, even with the best Cambridge backs out of the game, but Yale was practically without the services of Butterworth after the middle of the first half; at that time he was hurt in the head and might just as well have gone to the side lines. At all events, the two teams were so nearly evenly matched that the odds of two or three to one on Yale which were offered before the game were not justified.

Both the Yale touch-downs were made on plays which were not the result of a definite series or a system of procedure, and in a certain sense, at least, they were accidents. Yale broke through the Harvard line and stopped two kicks during the game. The first time was when Stillman made the touch-down, and the second was when Fairchild tried for a goal from the field and was blocked by either Stillman or McCrea. Harvard broke through and stopped three Yale kicks, but no one of these plays resulted in a touch-down. Harvard's skill in breaking through, then, was just as evident as Yale's, but the latter team had the good fortune to get through at the right minute. The second touch-down was the result of a very poor punt by Hayes, who sent the ball not more than ten yards, and Yale secured it on Harvard's five-yard line. Harvard's single touch-down was the result of straightforward gains, which steadily forced the Yale team back of its own goal line. Fairchild's three tries for a goal from the field met with the worst kind of hard luck. The first time the ball struck the cross-bar and fell to the ground; on the second attempt he was blocked, and when he did, on his third trial, succeed in getting the ball between the posts and over the bar, the referee decided that the play could not be allowed because time had expired. These were specimens of the fate which seemed to hang over the Harvard eleven throughout the game.

Captain Emmons' men used a number of new plays, but Yale did not show one. The kick-off which Waters used when he sent the ball slowly rolling along the ground for ten yards and Wren fell on it was an ingenious method of fulfilling the letter and not the spirit of the new rules. The interference used by Harvard was almost entirely new and very effective. It was devised almost entirely by Mr. Deland, who seems to be just as successful with other styles of offensive play as he was with his momentum innovations. The formation used in going around the end or through the tackles was very simple, and seemed perfectly natural, yet Yale seldom broke it up until some gain had resulted. Harvard did not try to gain through the centre, probably because neither man who had been used in that play was on the eleven, and Yale was in the same box on account of the injury to Butterworth.

Even when it came to individual comparisons, Yale did not appear to have much the best of them. All four ends did well, but Captain Hinkey was the weakest in his position. When he went back of the line, however, and tried to advance the ball, he did much better and carried the ball further than any other player on his side. Harvard probably suffered little from the loss of Emmons, for Cabot took everything which went his way, and tackled many runners who started toward the other end. Waters, Harvard's right tackle, played more brilliantly than any other man on the field, and must certainly be given first place among the tackles of the season. He ran with the ball himself, and was a tower of strength as an interferer and on the defense. He outplayed Beard, although the latter did excellent work, especially in following the ball. Wren showed that he is as valuable on the foot-ball field as on the tennis-court, and took a much more active part in the game than Ade. Thorne's punting gained most of the ground for Yale, but the Harvard substitute backs advanced the ball many yards. On the defense the teams were nearly equal.

Beyond and above the foot-ball features of the contest, it was remarkable for its rough play and the number of men disabled. The writer cannot remember a game before this one in which eight substitutes were needed to fill the place of men who were disabled or disqualified for "slugging." The list of injured assumes really alarming proportions and reminds one of a railroad accident. Murphy, the Yale tackler, was kicked in the head and taken off the field unconscious. He did not regain his senses for many hours. Butterworth was hurt in the head, and almost lost an eye in one of the scrimmages near the Yale goal line. Thorne was hurt so badly that he hardly knew what he was doing a good part of the time, and Jerrels injured his side. The Harvard roll is almost as formidable. C. Brewer wrenched and turned his ankle so seriously that he was unable to stand. Wrightington had his collar-bone and Hallowell his nose fractured. Armstrong and Hayes were disqualified for fighting. More than this, there was hardly a down in which some player or other was not injured. The actual playing time and the intermission lasted an hour and twenty-five minutes, but the game began at two o'clock and was not finished until after 4:35. These figures show something of the delays, almost every one of which was caused by injuries.

When a game of foot-ball causes so many and so serious injuries there is something the matter, and a part of the trouble must be with the rules of the game. In the first place it seems impossible to find an umpire who will enforce the rules now in force, but even if such an

official were on the field he could not stop all the rough play. The changes in the playing rules have not lessened the chance of injury; in fact, they seem to have increased it, and by this time most people must be convinced that open plays are more disastrous than the mass and momentum plays of which so much was said last year. If foot-ball is to remain in the list of American college sports, radical changes must be made until it is a game which can be played without serious risk of life and limb. How these innovations can be brought about is a problem worth the study of all interested in athletics. It was only a few years ago that Harvard elevens were forbidden to take part in inter-collegiate foot-ball, and it would surprise almost no one if the Springfield game resulted in the renewal of the prohibition. President Eliot is radically opposed to college athletics as they are now carried on, and he will undoubtedly seize this opportunity for insisting on a reform. To a certain point he will receive the support of many prominent Harvard alumni, and consequently it is quite possible that Harvard and Yale may never again meet on the foot-ball field.

*John L. Merrill.*

### The Latest Paris Modes.

WE are wearing this winter, to an enormous extent, the furs of all species. There never has been, however, so many imitations as at present. In point of fact, there are not animals enough to supply all the skins which are used to-day.

These furs are natural, that is certain, but instead of their bearing their true names, such as the hare, the rat, or the rabbit, we baptize them with pompous names belonging to the animals of Brazil, Siberia, Canada, etc., according to their resemblance to these animals.

One new fur is the *Renard de Corse*, a fox fur of exquisite tint, which recalls the blue fox, and certainly is its successful rival. There are three foxes in fashion — this queen of furs. The black fox, which comes from Kamtchatka, is the one which is most valuable next to the silver-blue fox. What makes the black fox so valuable is its tint, its lustre, the depth of its pile, and, above all, the rarity of the animal.

The grade of a fur is not always to be detected in its apparent color. Breathe upon the fur to see the roots of the pile, and then will appear the true color. For example, the blue fox, which is gray superficially, is a pretty silver blue against the skin.

We are wearing too few of jackets entirely of fur, collars, tippets and stoles being preferred. We also see a great many long pelicans of the nature of a *Talma*, all in castor, otter, or caracul, very ample in the lower part, and having large Medicis collars. The latest novelty is the "Lividia" tippet, waved upon the shoulders, with a revers collar and long and generous laps in front.

The boa, a little passé in fashion, is replaced by a magnificent *tour de cou* formed of two beautiful fox skins, or of marten, without the heads, and which join at the back of the neck. The tails and claws, falling down upon the breast, form a beautiful stole.

Muffs are very large this year, and made warm by the fur being doubled. The muff is a little article of the toilette which has its own history. We cannot tell exactly at what epoch it appeared in France, but in Venice, in the fifteenth century, the noble ladies and the celebrated courtesans carried them, and they were made of one piece of velvet, brocade, or doubled fur, the extremities being fastened by buttons of crystal or pearls.

The name "muff" was also applied to the ornaments of fur made like revers upon the sleeves. The recluses of Fontevrault made these "muffs" of ermine upon their sky-blue robes, which gave to their costume a grand elegance.

When the muff first appeared it was small, but was varied in a multitude of ways. It was made long, narrow, round, or shaped like a barrel. An attempt was made to revive the Louis XVI. muffs, made of stuffs, without success,



VISITING COSTUME.—*Paris L'Illustration*.

and black, gray, or ermine fur regained favor. The *fin de siècle* fur employed for muffs is the Siberian wolf.

But to return to our costumes, we find many ornaments and borders of fur, being intermingled with embroideries and passementeries. Some robes are entirely of fur, and skirts are garnished with high bands of caracul or of marten fringed with tails. This is an excess of elegance.

The pretty visiting toilette in the picture is handsomely ornamented with zibeline. The princess robe of jacqueminot velvet is encircled by an embroidery of jet and white silk, with a border of zibeline. The sleeves of velvet are brilliant with cut jet. Upon the shoulders a large collar of black velvet is ornamented with an embroidery of white silk and jet, and bordered with fur, with a knotted fringe of velvet upon the breast. The charming little hat of black velvet is draped and twisted very gracefully, with a light tuft of aigrettes and an ostrich plume on the left side, half hiding a bunch of dahlias in all tints. The dahlia is the flower of the moment. It is most graceful with petals in symmetrical curves.

The garniture of knots of fur and antique buttons has become a great success, and is much employed. To conclude with furs we must mention the plastrons, chemisettes, and waist-coats of fur, which are so comfortable. Points of fur are extremely elegant on robes of velvet

power to work miracles; his portraits and busts are sold everywhere, and his house is a Mecca to the faithful of the orthodox church, who perform pilgrimages to it from all parts of the empire. The rich in Moscow and elsewhere avail themselves of his services in all cases of desperate sickness, the large sums received by him going to the support of the church and the charities in which he is interested. In extreme cases he usually "shuts himself up alone with the invalid and prays until the illness takes a favorable turn. He has been known to remain for twelve hours at a stretch on his knees by the bedside of an apparently dying man, and hundreds of cures are quoted as having been obtained through his intervention."

#### OTHER PICTURES.

Among our foreign pictures is one illustrative of an incident which occurred to a British surgeon in the Indian army, while riding along a mountain road. "The road gave way beneath the horse's feet and the horse was dashed to pieces hundreds of feet below, the surgeon managing by a great effort to clear himself. The picture shows the rider, after he has got to the ground, struggling to save his horse. It was of no avail, for the animal gradually lost what little footing it had at first obtained on the loose rubbish, and fell down the precipice as described." Other illustrations depict the ceremony of blessing the colors of a regiment of the Bengal native infantry, according to the Hindoo rites, bicycling in Paris, and the grave of an African chief.

### OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

#### Our Lady's Kerchief.

##### SECOND COMPETITION.



WITH the point of a pencil start from any one of the spaces between four stars, pass with one continuous line through all of the forty-nine squares and back to original square, without going through any square twice. It is not permitted to go outside of the stars or to cross a star. Ten dollars will be divided among those who find the best answer.

The second stipulation: Begin at one of the stars and mark them all off with one continuous line, returning back to starting-point, making as few turns as possible. No objections to crossing lines or going over the same stars twice. Ten dollars will be divided among such as find the best answer.

Ladies' special prize: To the lady giving the best answer to both problems by Christmas we will present a splendid sewing-machine of such make as may be selected. State your preference so as to determine which is the favorite machine.

### Do You Have Asthma?

#### THE RUSSIAN MIRACLE-WORKER.

FREQUENT reference was made during the illness of the late Czar of Russia to the intercessory offices of a priest, Father Ivan, or John, who was sent from Cronstadt to attend the dying monarch. Father Ivan is a conspicuous figure in Russia. He is regarded as having the

IF you wish the lightest, sweetest, finest cake, biscuit, bread and rolls, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in their making.



Types of Russian Greek Church Acolytes, Cantors + Censor Bearers



The Metropolitan Innocent  
Founder of the Russian Church in America

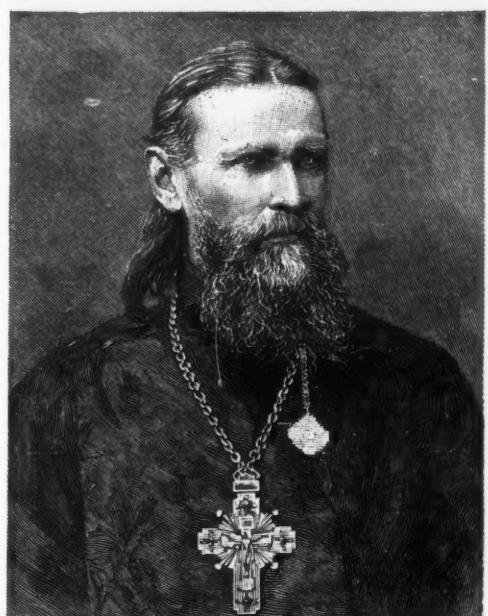


THE RUSSIAN CHURCH AT STREATOR, ILLINOIS.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.



BISHOP NICOLAI ADMINISTERING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE NEW CZAR AT THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE-GENERAL IN NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY V. GRIJAYÉDOFF.

THE MOVEMENT FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE GREEK (OR RUSSIAN) CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.—(SEE PAGE 361.)



FATHER JOHN, THE MIRACLE-WORKER OF RUSSIA.  
*London Graphic.*



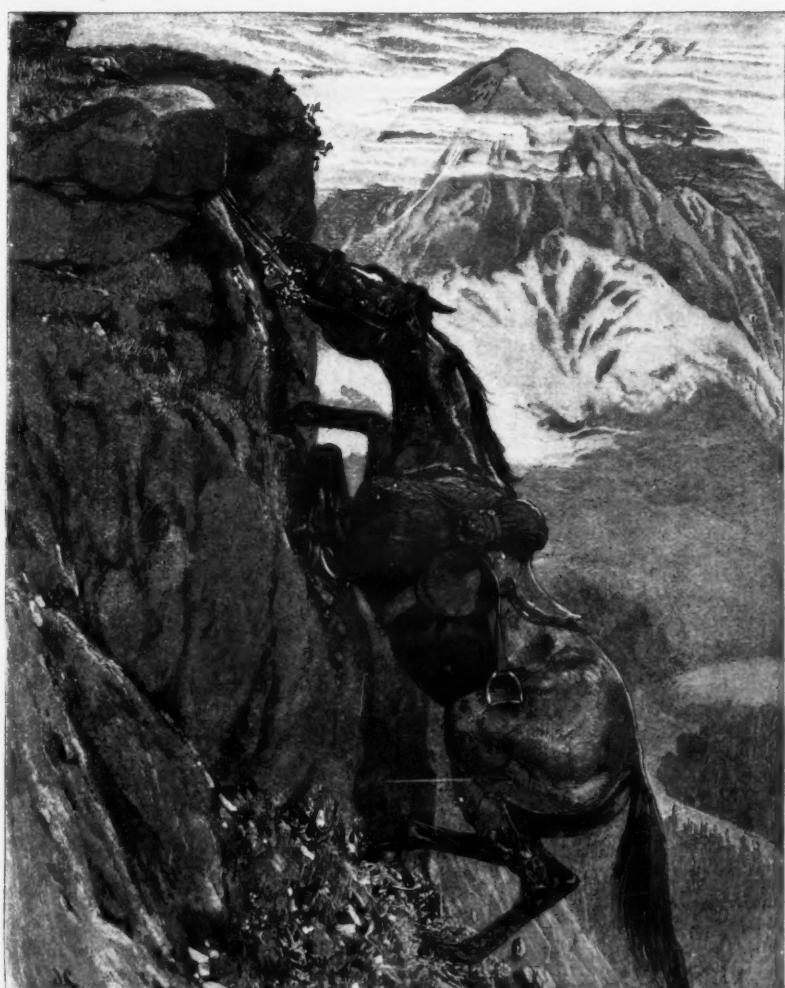
THE TOMB OF A NEGRO CHIEF ON THE CONGO, AFRICA.—*Paris L'Illustration.*



BLESSING THE COLORS OF A REGIMENT OF BENGAL NATIVE INFANTRY.—*London Graphic.*



BICYCLING IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, PARIS.—*The Sketch, London.*



A PERILOUS EXPERIENCE OF AN ARMY SURGEON IN INDIA.—*London Graphic.*

#### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

MAGISTRATE (to witness)—“I understand that you overheard the quarrel between this defendant and his wife?”

Witness—“Yis, sor.”

Magistrate—“Tell the court, if you can, what he seemed to be doing.”

Witness—“He seemed to be doin’ the listenin’.”—Judge.

SCIENTISTS say that “plenty of sleep is conducive to beauty.” Knox the hatter says: “That’s so: even a tall hat looks worn when it loses its nap.”

#### BUSINESS NOTICES.

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#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

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The Bank Director  
every day  
Drives the clouds of care away  
with Bromo-Seltzer.

#### REMARKABLE PRESERVATION

is a characteristic of Borden’s Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream. Always the same; is perfectly pure; entirely wholesome; free from substances foreign to pure milk. A perfect product accomplished by a scientific process.

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THAT is the state of your stomach. You know it, you feel it, you show it. The remedy you need is Ripans Tabules. Safe, sure, and effective.

#### Mrs. Winslow’s Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE most efficacious stimulant to excite appetite are Dr. Siegert’s Angostura Bitters.

THE autumn effects on the picturesque Lehigh Valley Railroad are not surpassed, and rarely equalled, by those of any other railroad on this continent. The varied and constantly changing foliage, widely and richly distributed, affords a pleasure that cannot be described in words.

Every accommodation is afforded the traveler to take in the grandeur of this wonderfully picture-que route. Fine coaches, large windows, descriptive literature, and everything to secure comfort, are to be found on this line.

Anthrax coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. No smoke, no dust, no cinders.

For full information and illustrated descriptive matter address Charles S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.

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If any young, old or middle-aged man, suffering from nervous debility, lack of vigor, or weakness from errors or excesses, will inclose stamp to me, I will send him the prescription of a genuine, certain cure, free of cost, no humbug, no deception. It is cheap, simple and perfectly safe and harmless. I will send you the correct prescription, and you can buy the remedy of me or prepare it yourself, just as you choose. The prescription I send free, just as I agree to do. Address E. H. HUNTERFORD, Box A, 231, Albion, Michigan.

If any persons still doubt the superiority of the Sohmer Piano let them try for themselves and be convinced, not only that the Sohmer is the best, but that it will continue to be the best.

#### FOR 20 YEARS

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YORK, MANHATTAN, MARTINI,  
WHISKY, HOLLAND GIN,  
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We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors, and the mixing equal to the best cocktails sold over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any sweetening—dry and delicious. A sample 4-ounce bottle sent to any address, prepaid, for 40c.

Story of the origin of the American Cocktail free on application.

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## HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

## MODENE

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—In compounding an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. The name of the manufacturer is MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts directly, surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on moles may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and the slightest injury or impairment will not be experienced over any part of the body.

Recommended by all who have tested it. Used by people of refinement. Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature’s gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send me your letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence and applications. Please state your name and address as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS FAKER.) Cut this advertisement out.

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We Offer \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY, OR EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

“A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN.” MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES

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CHRISTY CARVER

Actual size, 14 inches.



CHRISTY CARVER, HAM OR MEAT KNIFE.

Actual size, 15½ inches.

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Christy Knives are sold everywhere. Beware of worthless imitations. A Steinway piano is offered to agents selling most goods by December 31st. Write for particulars. Address all orders to THE CHRISTY KNIFE CO., Box 25, Fremont, Ohio.

## The Christmas Number

OF

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY

SEND FOR RATES AND INFORMATION.

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NEW YORK.

WILLIAM L. MILLER,

Manager Advertising Dept.

is in preparation. Every prominent advertiser should be interested in this Special Issue. Forms will close November 15th.





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ART CRITIC—"What do you think of Alma Cadmium's painting?"  
 Artist—"Oh, I think it is superb."  
 Art Critic—"I'm surprised to hear you say that. He says just the reverse of yours."  
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need arouse no housewifely anxiety if

### Armour's Extract of BEEF

is at hand. A cup of Bouillon can be prepared in a moment, and it always delights and refreshes.

Send for our book of "Culinary Wrinkles" —mailed free.

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The Largest Manufacturers of  
PURE, HIGH GRADE  
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES  
On this Continent, have received

HIGHEST AWARDS  
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EXPOSITIONS  
In Europe and America.



Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

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An invaluable product  
made from the finest  
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### Extract of Beef

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PARIS AND LONDON  
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STREET & CARRIAGE COSTUMES,  
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Fur-lined Garments,  
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RICH FURS.

Broadway & 19th St.  
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IS A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE, but  
its fragrance pleases the ladies.  
A box of this tobacco makes a  
most welcome BIRTHDAY GIFT  
to husband, brother or —  
CAN BE PROCURED IN ALL SIZES  
AT LEADING TOBACCONISTS  
—MARBURG BROS.—  
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSOR MARBURG  
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The whiskey that made Kentucky famous. Used in  
United States government hospitals after a thorough  
chemical analysis, and pronounced to be the purest  
and finest whiskey in the world. Distilled and bottled  
by the Belle of Nelson Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky.  
For sale in cases, containing twelve bottles, or by  
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York, N. Y., or

Belle of Nelson Distillery Co.,  
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EARL & WILSON'S.  
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
"ARE THE BEST"  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.



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Just the thing for a Holiday present. It should  
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more to good hearing than all other de-  
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All kinds cheaper than else-  
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limbs, use an

### Allcock's Porous Plaster

Bear in Mind—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations  
is as good as the genuine.

### ED. PINAUD'S

Latest Exquisite Perfume,  
BOUQUET MARIE LOUISE.



H. I. M., EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

### TELEGRAM FROM LIVADIA.

LIVADIA

SEND IMMEDIATELY TO ANITCHKOFF PALACE ST PETERS-  
BURG ONE DOZEN BOTTLES VIN MARIANI  
FOR HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

TO MARIANI & CO. PARIS

FRANCKLIN

For 30 years  
most popularly  
used tonic-stimula-  
lant in Hospitals,  
Public and Religious  
Institutions  
everywhere.

FOR - BODY - AND - BRAIN

### VIN MARIANI

NOURISHES - FORTIFIES - REFRESHES  
STRENGTHENS ENTIRE SYSTEM

The most Agreeable, Effective and Lasting Tonic.

Ask for Vin Mariani at  
Druggists and Fancy  
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EVERY TEST, STRICTLY ON ITS OWN MERITS,  
PROVES ITS EXCEPTIONAL REPUTATION

To avoid disappoint-  
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We will mail, gratis, 75 Portraits, Sketches, Biographical  
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PRICE 25 CENTS.

# LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



CHRISTMAS  
1894

PUBLISHED BY THE  
ARKELL WEEKLY CO.  
NEW YORK

Sackett & Wilh.

"THE SEVEN STATES' EXAMINATION COMMITTEE'S CERTIFICATE."

# NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

**JOHN A. McCALL, PRESIDENT.**

346 and 348 Broadway, New York City.

## Commissioners' Certificate.

New York City, November 28, 1894.

WE, the Insurance Commissioners and Superintendents of the States of Massachusetts, Illinois, Kansas, Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio and Texas, pursuant to the invitation of the President of the Company, dated June 1, 1894, do hereby certify that we have been for the past four months engaged in a thorough and searching official investigation into the affairs of the New-York Life Insurance Company of the City of New York.

We further certify that each Stock and Bond owned, each Collateral Loan, each Bond and Mortgage Loan made, the Cash and each Bank Certificate of Deposit, was carefully examined, checked and verified; that the Policy Loans and Premium Notes were examined and checked with the Reserve on each Policy; that Interest and Rents due and accrued, unreported and deferred Premiums, were also verified; that the values of Stocks and Bonds owned, and Real Estate owned, were individually and closely scrutinized and conservatively made; that the title to each piece of property secured, and Bond and Mortgage Loan made since the 1891 New York State Insurance Department Investigation, was examined and found satisfactory. That the Policy Reserve was checked and verified by the Actuaries of our several State Insurance Departments, and that every Policy and its Reserve, on the books of the Company, was checked individually with the Valuation Policy Registers of the Massachusetts Department; that all Sundry Liabilities were also verified; that each debit and credit entry in the Company's books was checked from the date of the said New York State Investigation; and that as a result, on the most conservative basis of valuation, we found the Company possessed of **ASSETS** satisfactory to us, amounting to

**\$155,453,428.73**

And that, after providing for all possible Liabilities, including \$135,058,291.00 for outstanding Policy Reserve, as per the "Combined Experience Table of Mortality," with 4% interest, the total of the same amounted to \$138,124,363.81.

We further certify that, by the severest test, the **NET SURPLUS** to policy-holders, after providing for every Liability, and deducting Agents' Balances, was on June 30, 1894,

**\$17,329,064.92**

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our respective names, in the City of New York, the day and year above written.

*John A. McCall*  
Insurance Commissioner, State of Massachusetts.

Chairman.

*Bradford Durfee*  
Superintendent of Insurance, State of Illinois.

*S. H. Shuler*  
Superintendent of Insurance, State of Kansas.

*Henry F. Duncan*,  
Commissioner of Insurance, State of Kentucky.

*Jas. A. Waddell*  
Superintendent of Insurance, State of Missouri.

*W. W. Hahn*  
Superintendent of Insurance, State of Ohio.

*Geo. E. Hogganworth*  
Insurance Commissioner, State of Texas.



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Finely Illustrated.

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*The quality of the reading that will be given in The Youth's Companion during the coming year, the sixty-ninth of its publication, is indicated by the names of a few of its many famous contributors.*

## Gladstone.

**Sir Andrew Clark** was one of England's great physicians. One of the many attractive features of THE COMPANION for next year will be a paper (his third contribution within a few years) by Mr. GLADSTONE, who will give some striking reminiscences of the physician, his lifelong friend.

## Two Daughters of Queen Victoria.

THE PRINCESS HELENA (Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein), and THE PRINCESS LOUISE (Marchioness of Lorne),

Will discuss subjects to which each has devoted years of study. THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, who has personally examined the work and methods of many London hospitals, will write upon "Nursing the Sick," and THE MARCHIONESS OF LORNE, herself a sculptor, will tell "The Story of a Statue."

## Noted Contributors.

Charles Dickens, Thomas A. Janvier, Sir Edwin Arnold, Frank R. Stockton, W. Clark Russell,  
Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, Dr. Cyrus Edson, Archibald Forbes, Robert Louis Stevenson,  
J. M. Barrie, Wm. Dear Howells, Camille Flammarion, Eugene Field, Adm. J. L. Worden.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

To 1895

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"FOUNDED UPON A ROCK."

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Death Claims Paid over	-	-	-	<b>\$20,000,000</b>
New Business, January to November, 1894,	-	-	-	<b>\$63,112,000</b>
New Business in 1893, over	-	-	-	<b>\$64,000,000</b>
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**EXCELLENT POSITIONS OPEN** in its Agency Department in every City, Town and State, to experienced and successful business men, who will find the Mutual Reserve the very best Association they can work for. Correspondence with the Home Office invited.

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Pistol Grip Stock, Patent Fore-end Fastening, Double Bolt. Insist upon getting the "Champion," IF YOUR DEALER HASN'T IT SEND TO US.

PLAIN STEEL BARRELS. Imported TWIST BARRELS.

12 Bore, \$8.00.	10 Bore, 9.00.	\$ 9.00.
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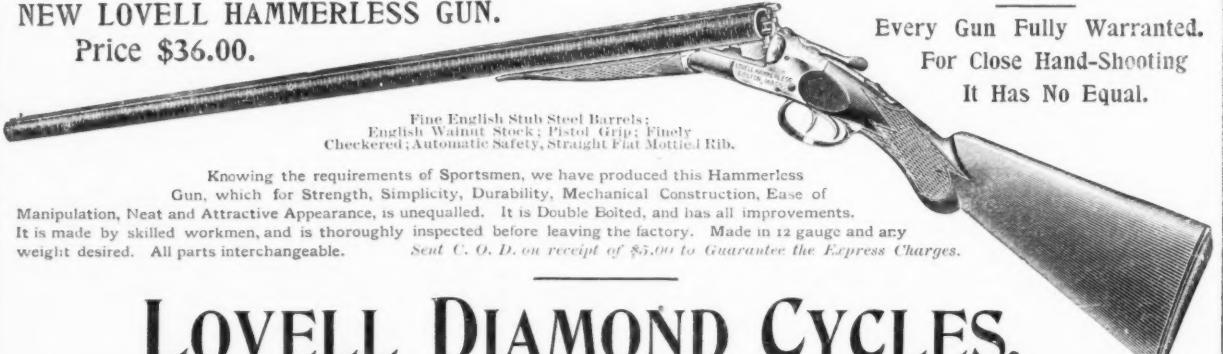
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First-class in every respect. Worth twice the price. Use S. & W. 32 & 35 C. P. Cart.

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Fine English Stub Steel Barrels; English Walnut Stock; Pistol Grip; Finely Checked; Automatic Safety, Straight Flat Mottled Rib.

Knowing the requirements of Sportsmen, we have produced this Hammerless Gun, which for Strength, Simplicity, Durability, Mechanical Construction, Ease of Manipulation, Neat and Attractive Appearance, is unequalled. It is Double Bolted, and has all improvements. It is made by skilled workmen, and is thoroughly inspected before leaving the factory. Made in 12 gauge and any weight desired. All parts interchangeable.

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Every Gun Fully Warranted. For Close Hand-Shooting It Has No Equal.

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"BEST AND HANDSOMEST OF THE YEAR," so say the Bicycle-riders everywhere. It is unsurpassed in Finish and Material—The Lightest, Strongest, Most Durable—Perfect in Construction—Warranted in Every Respect—No Better Machine Made at Any Price—Built to suit the riders and has stood the hardest use of any wheel. Doctors Prescribe It—Ministers Use it—Forty Different styles for Ladies, Gents, Boys and Girls, from \$15.75 to \$125.00.

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World's Record. Highest Honors and Gold Medal. The Only Bicycle Holding them. Ride the best. Always in the lead.

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Weights: Racer, 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.; Light Roadster, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.; Full Roadster, 29 lbs.; Ladies' Light Roadster, 32 lbs.; Convertible, 32 $\frac{1}{2}$  lbs.

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## LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES



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GREAT WESTERN**

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A TRIAL CASE WILL SATISFY THE MOST FASTIDIOUS.

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Has no equal for purity and excellence and is used in many of the best Hotels, Homes and Clubs in preference to foreign vintages.



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Holiday Headaches  
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**BROMO-SELTZER** The Cure.

"AS PURE AS PRIMROSE."

URBANA, N.Y.

## URBANA WINE CO.'S GOLD SEAL CHAMPAGNE

### HIGHEST AWARDS

AT PARIS, NEW ORLEANS AND CHICAGO.

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For Sale by all leading Grocers and Wine Merchants.

**Gold Seal Extra.**—Medium Dry.

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All at less than half the cost of Imported and Waranted as Pure.

### WHY PAY MORE?

*A full line of well-ripened Sweet and Dry Catawbas, Ports, Etc.  
Order a case for Samples.*

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# Every Test Proves Uniformly Excellent Reputation of this Popular French Tonic.



"VIN MARIANI" is perfect; gives health, drives away the blues.  
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"VIN MARIANI" brightens and increases all our faculties.  
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"VIN MARIANI" has been the most wonderful tonic for me; it is unequalled.  
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"VIN MARIANI" is the most effective, at same time pleasant, tonic.  
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For brain-workers, and when expending nervous force, "VIN MARIANI" is invaluable.  
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For all fatigues of Body and Brain, "VIN MARIANI" is pronounced the most Reliable, Effective and Agreeable Tonic Stimulant.

Nourishes, Fortifies, Refreshes, Strengthens, the Entire System.

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